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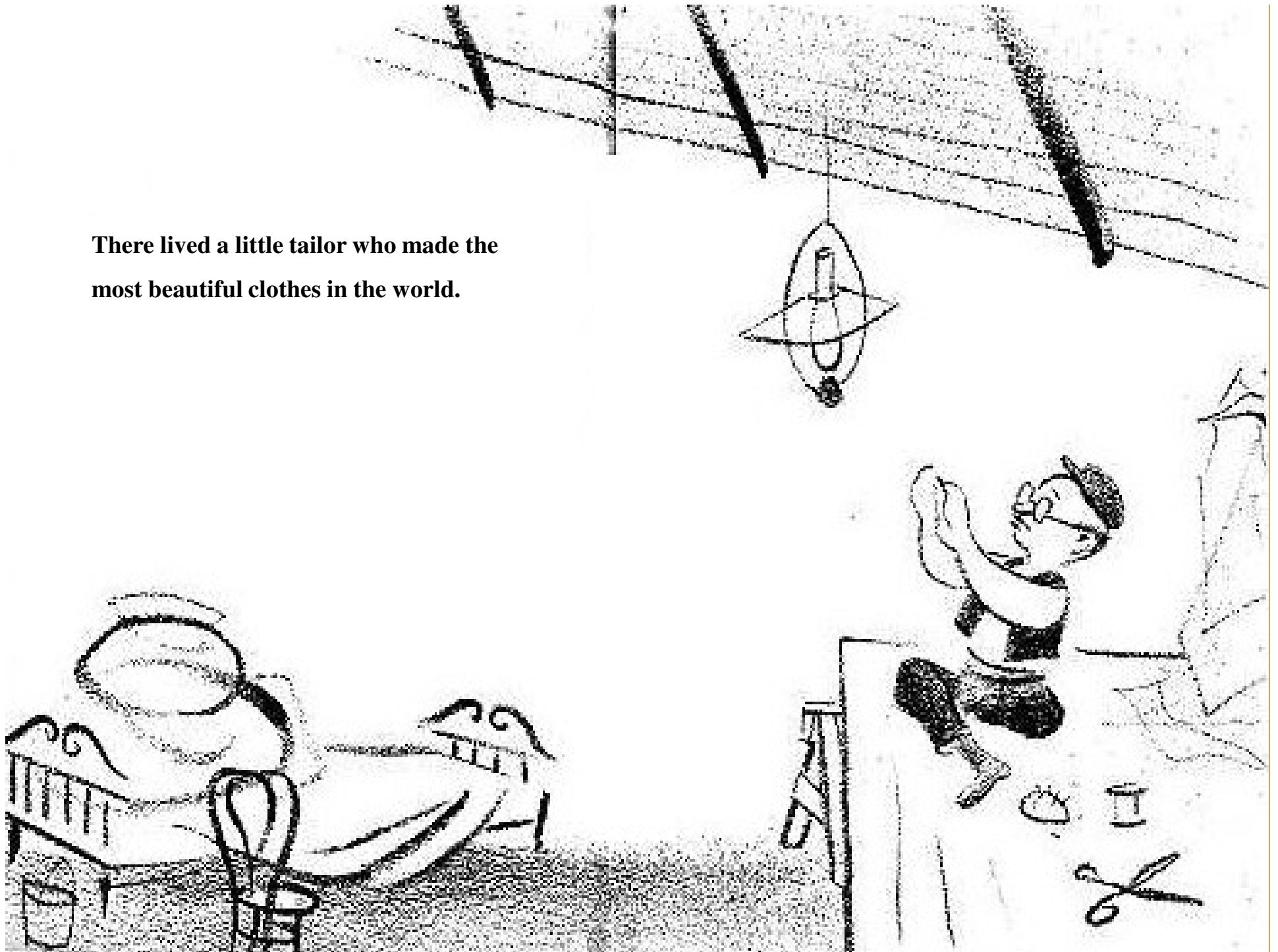
The Little Tailor

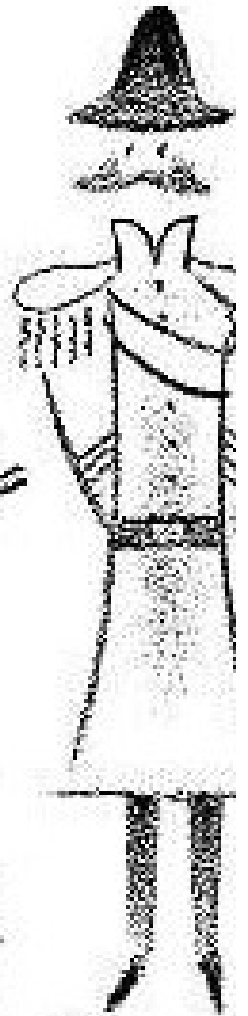
BY WILLIAM GROPPER



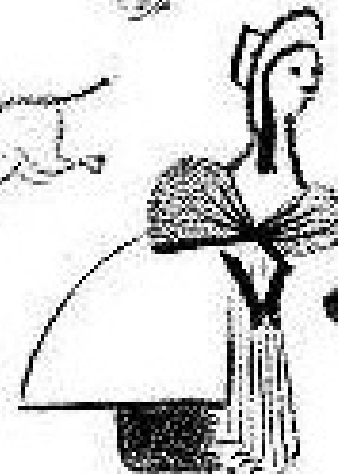
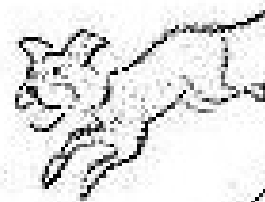
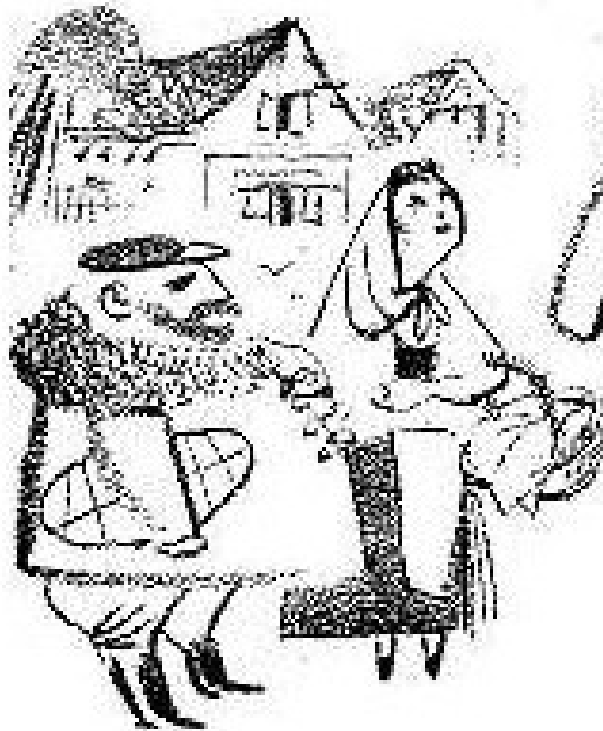
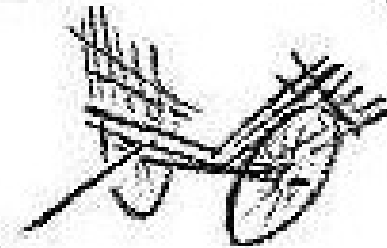
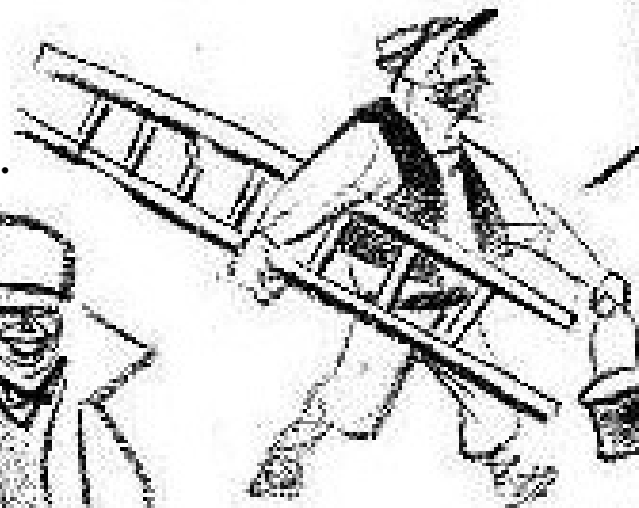
Many-many years ago, in a sleepy little town called Nochi, which was hidden far away in the darkest end of Europe.

**There lived a little tailor who made the
most beautiful clothes in the world.**





People from all corners of the province
came to this little tailor for their clothes.

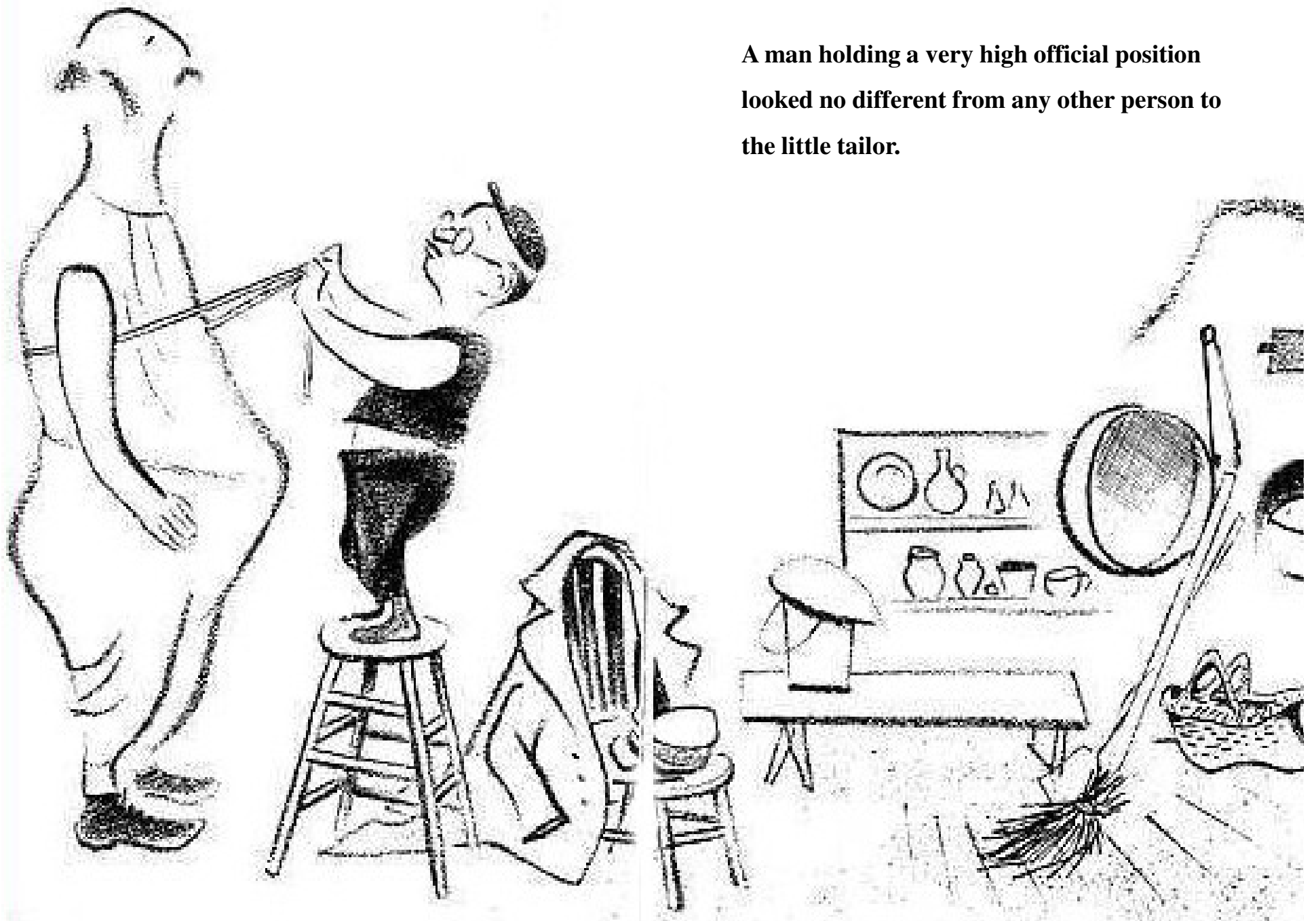


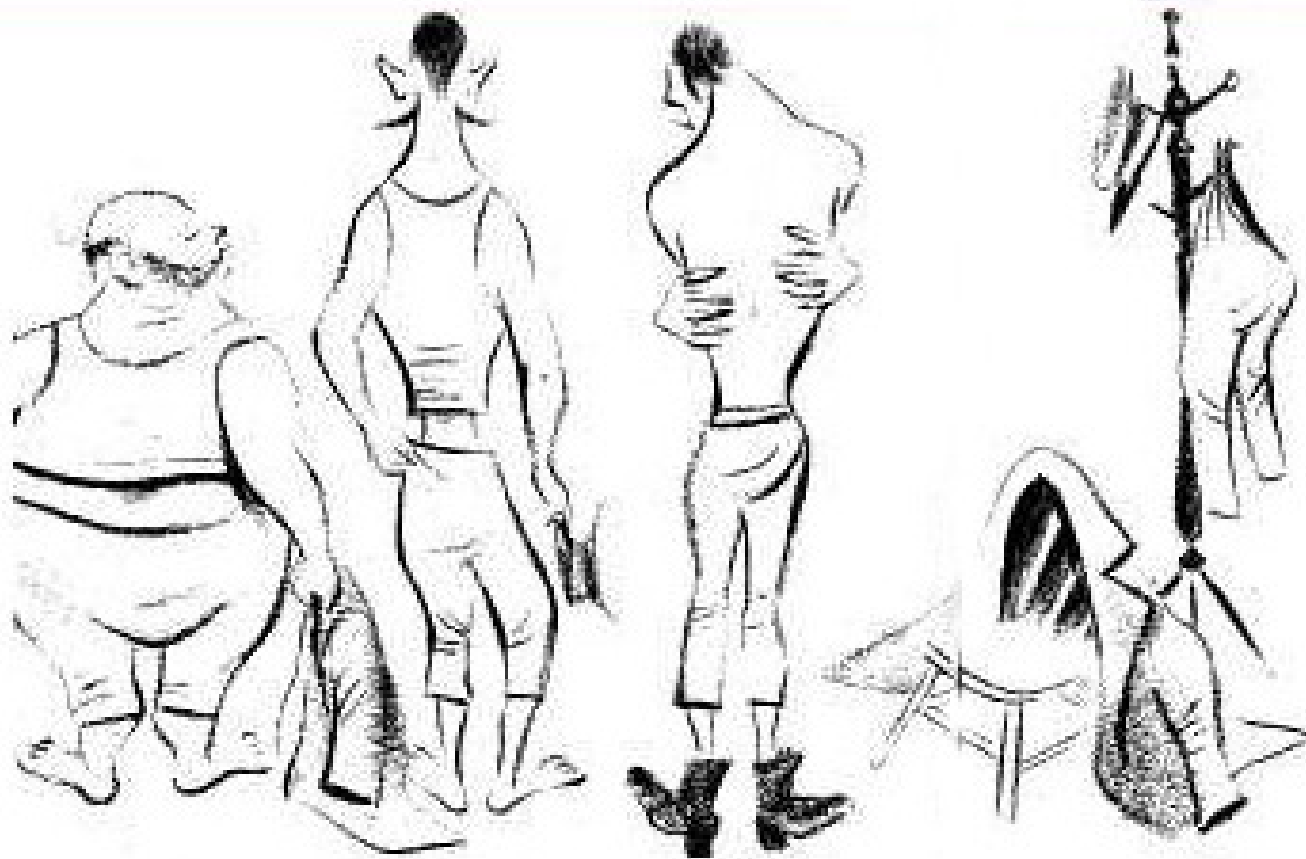
Out of material, he would cut clothes that could make quite ordinary people look really noble. He could dress meek men with the dignity of their profession so that they commanded respect.

He could dress all sorts of women with such charm and beauty that they looked lovely and young.



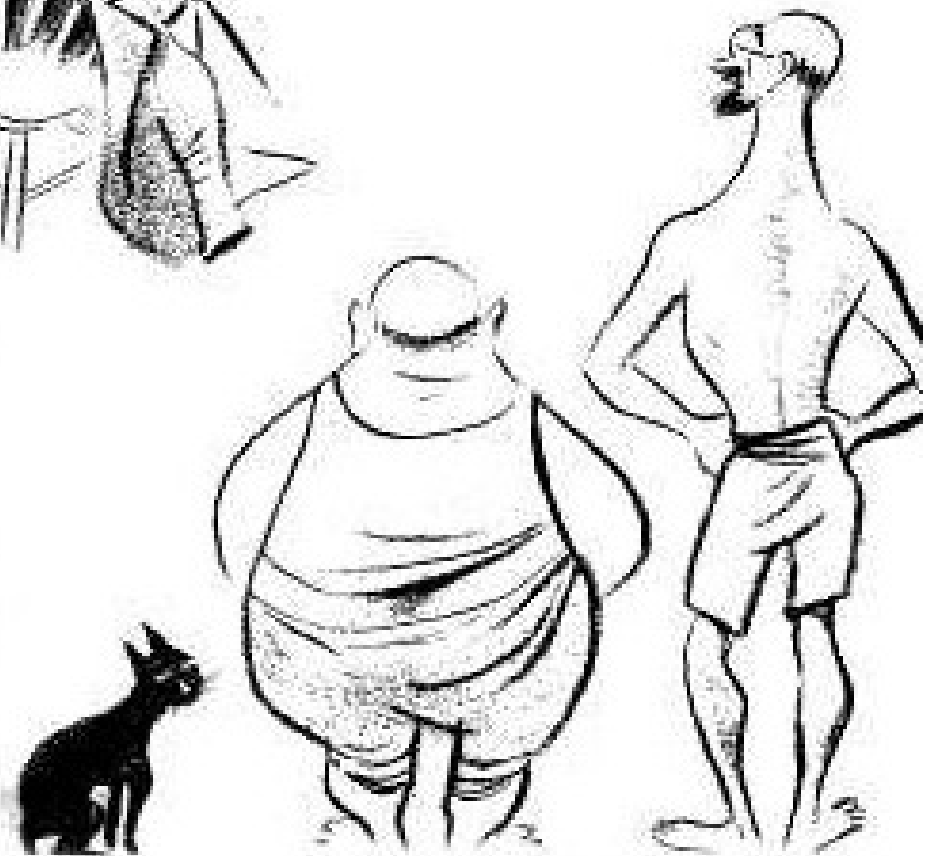
**A man holding a very high official position
looked no different from any other person to
the little tailor.**



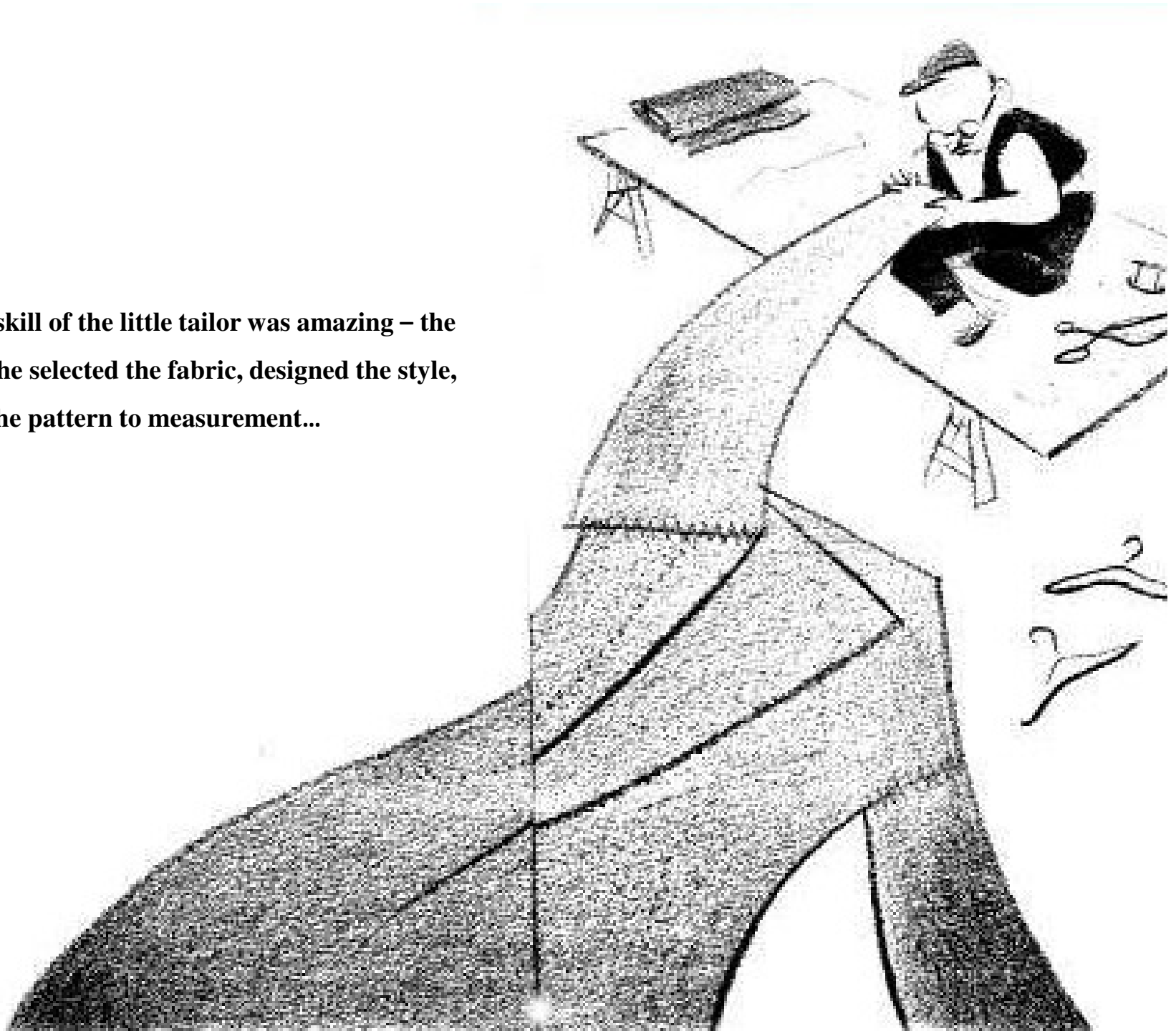


**They were just sizes – tall,
short stout and thin.**

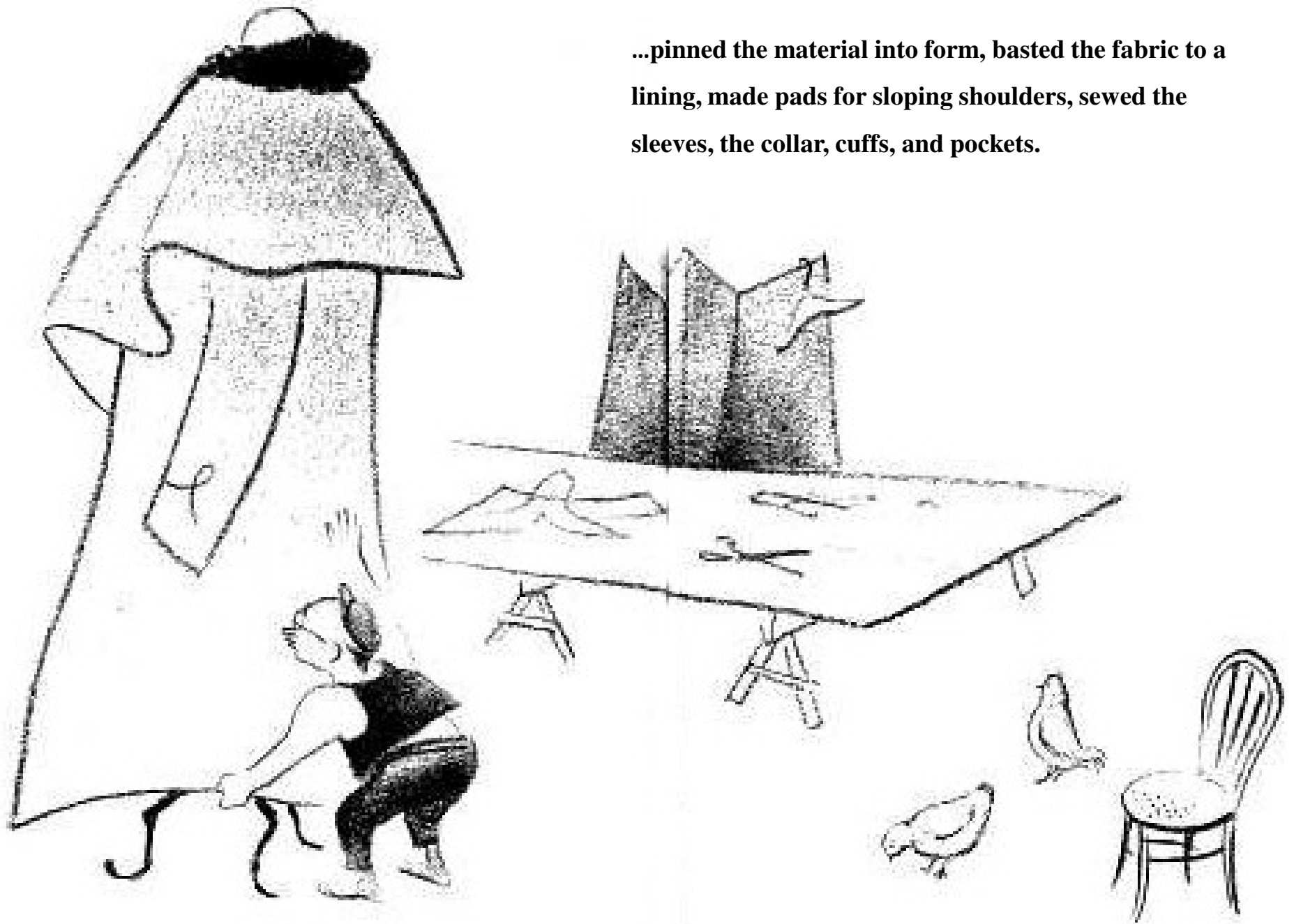
**When people were undressed, you could not tell the
difference between the butcher and the soldier, the
poet and the merchant, the fiddler and the lawyer,
the baker and the teacher.**



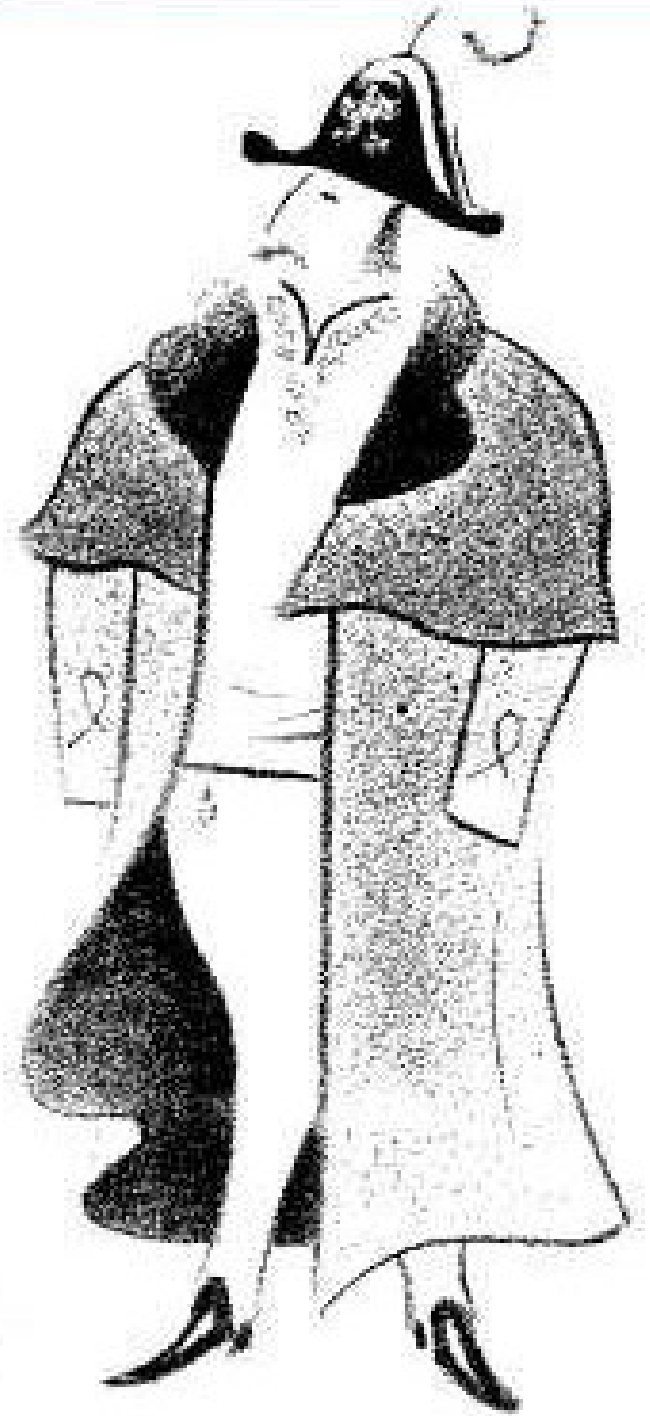
The skill of the little tailor was amazing – the way he selected the fabric, designed the style, cut the pattern to measurement...



...pinned the material into form, basted the fabric to a lining, made pads for sloping shoulders, sewed the sleeves, the collar, cuffs, and pockets.

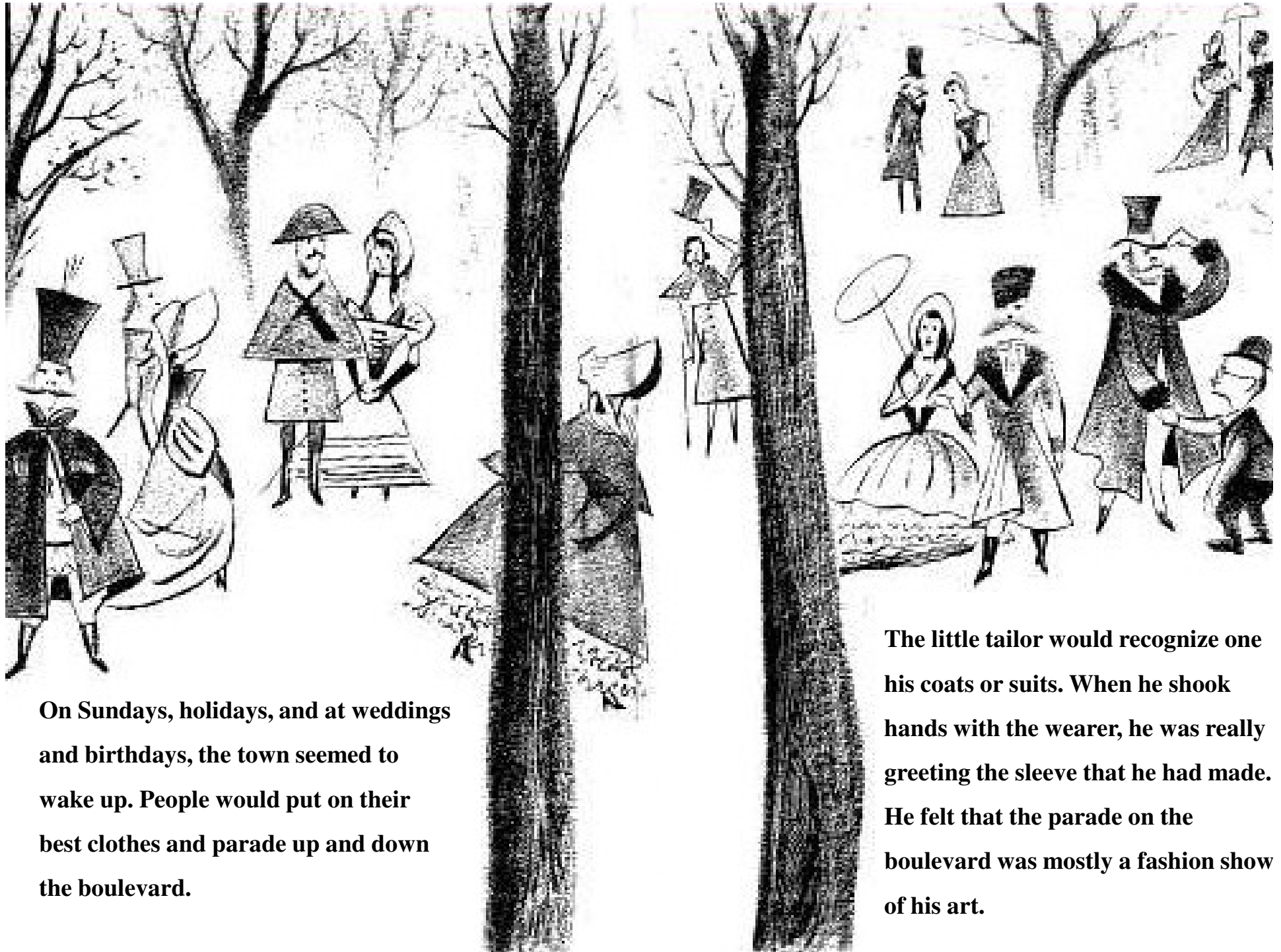


**And when the garment was finished,
the man or woman was dressed with
high authority.**



A black and white illustration of a busy kitchen scene. On the right, a woman in a dark dress is cooking at a stove. In the center, a young boy in a hooded coat carries a large wooden barrel. To the left, another woman is washing dishes at a sink, with a young girl sitting nearby. The room is cluttered with various kitchen items, including a hanging pot, a bottle, and a small table with a chair.

Could a Rothschild sew a patch on his pants? If it were not for the little tailor who makes the clothes, the high and mighty Rothschild would be walking without pants.



On Sundays, holidays, and at weddings and birthdays, the town seemed to wake up. People would put on their best clothes and parade up and down the boulevard.

The little tailor would recognize one his coats or suits. When he shook hands with the wearer, he was really greeting the sleeve that he had made. He felt that the parade on the boulevard was mostly a fashion show of his art.



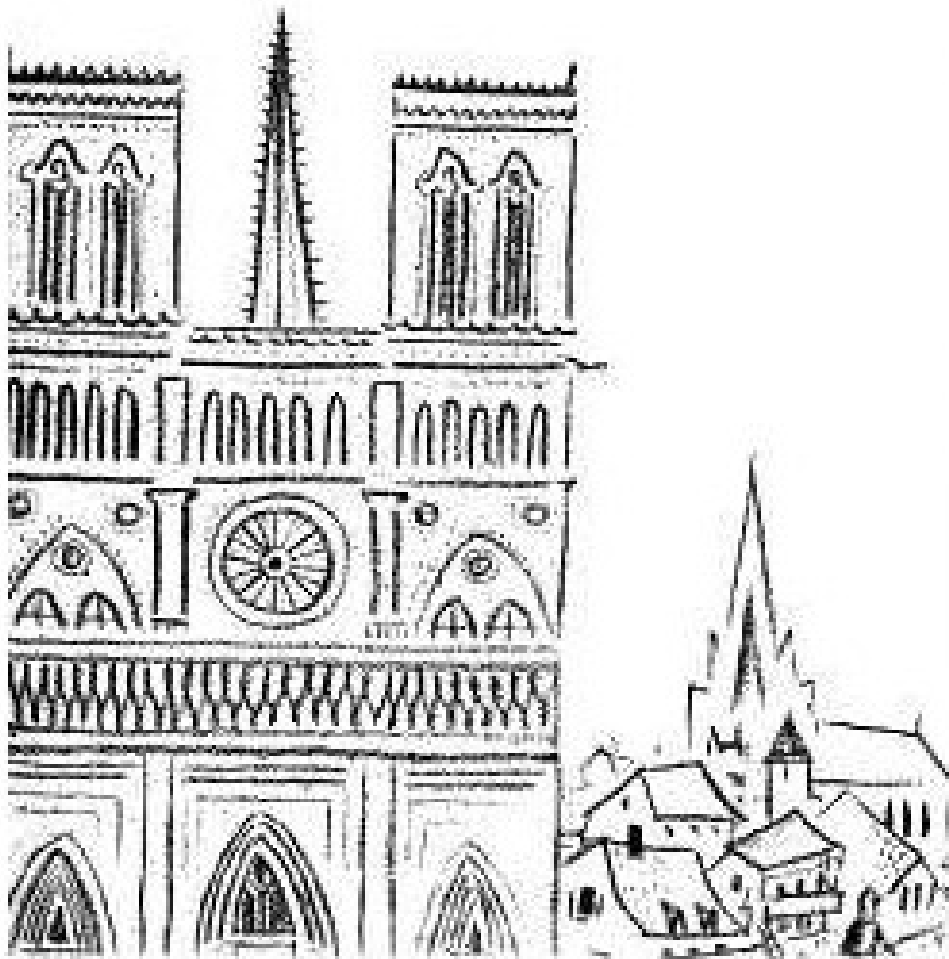
Whenever people went, his clothes were admired. Everybody would ask, "Who made this beautiful costume?" And the proud wearer would always answer, "The little tailor of Nochi."



His clothes traveled all over the country, from village to village, from town to town, from city to city and on to distant lands - flying like birds seeking to settle in a place of sunshine and freedom.

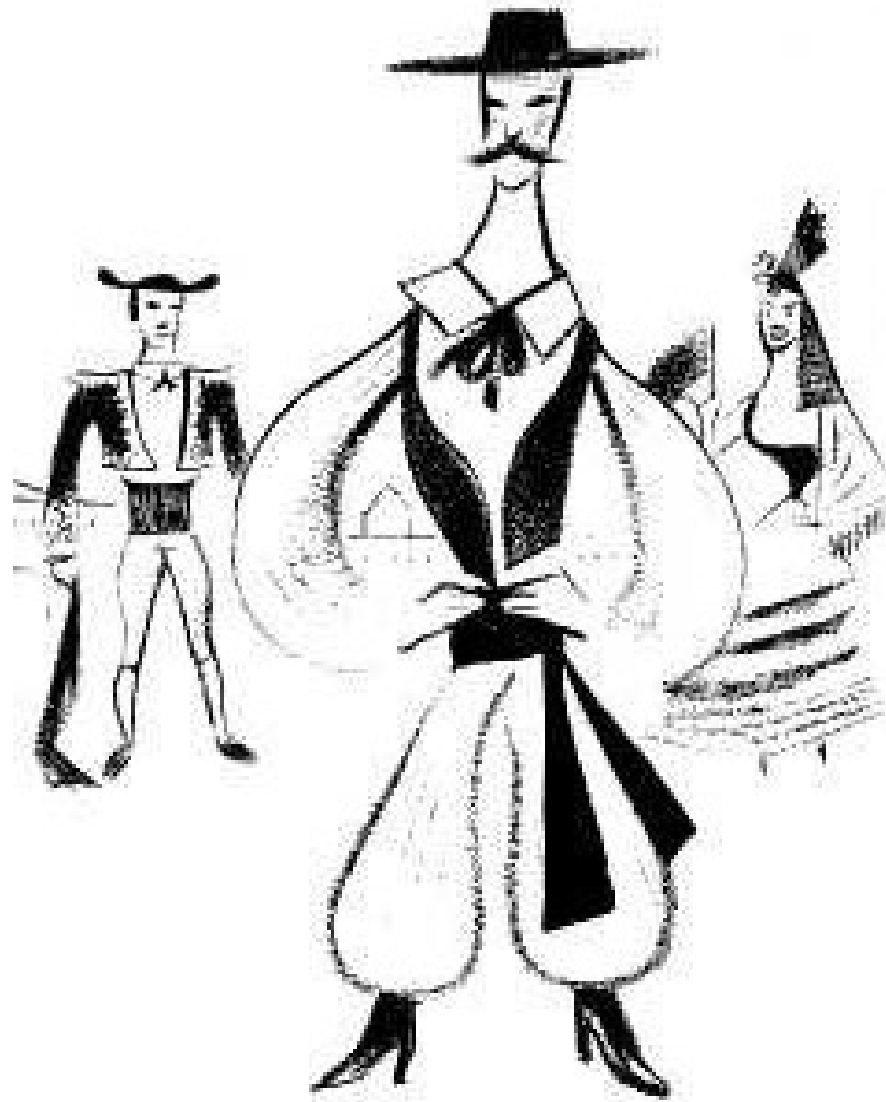


In France, the little tailor became known as
“le petit tailleur.”



In Italy he was called, "il sarto piccolo."

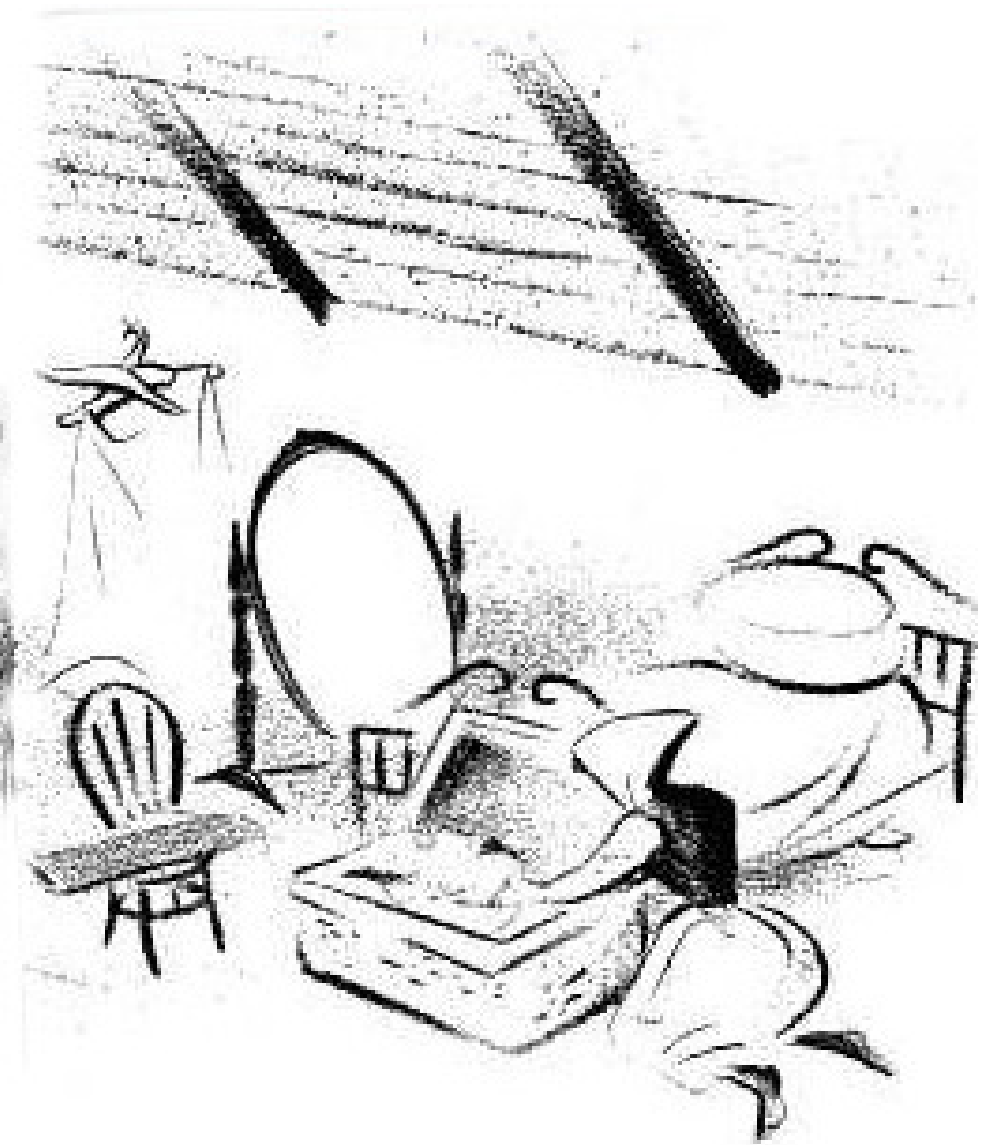




And in Germany he was known as
“der kleine Schneider.”

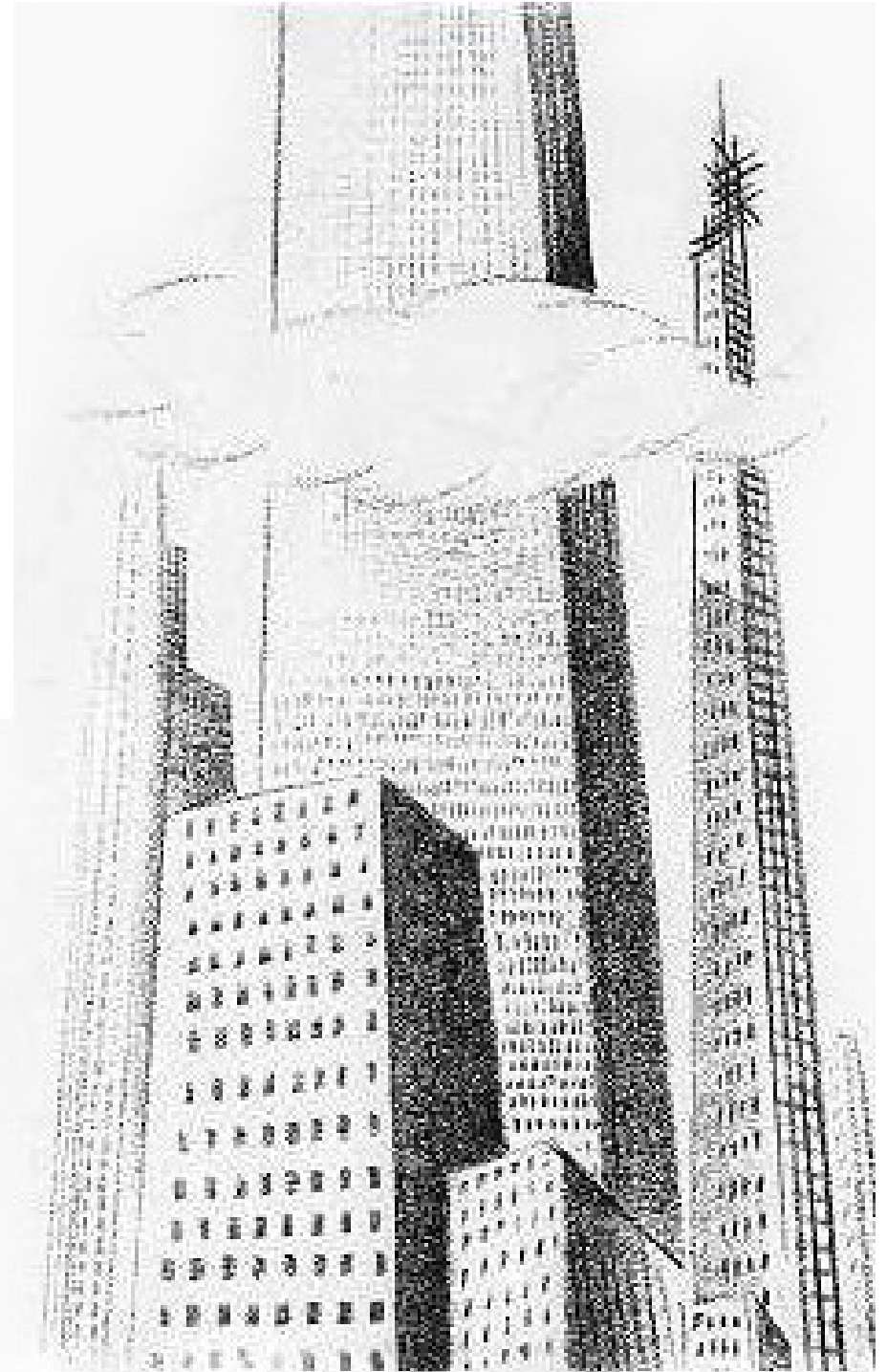
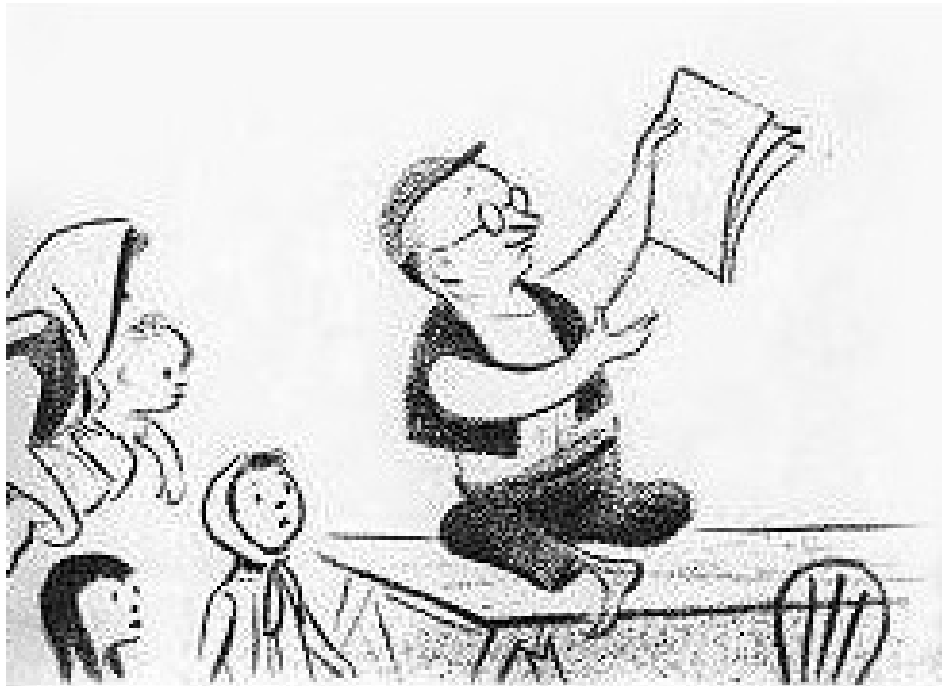


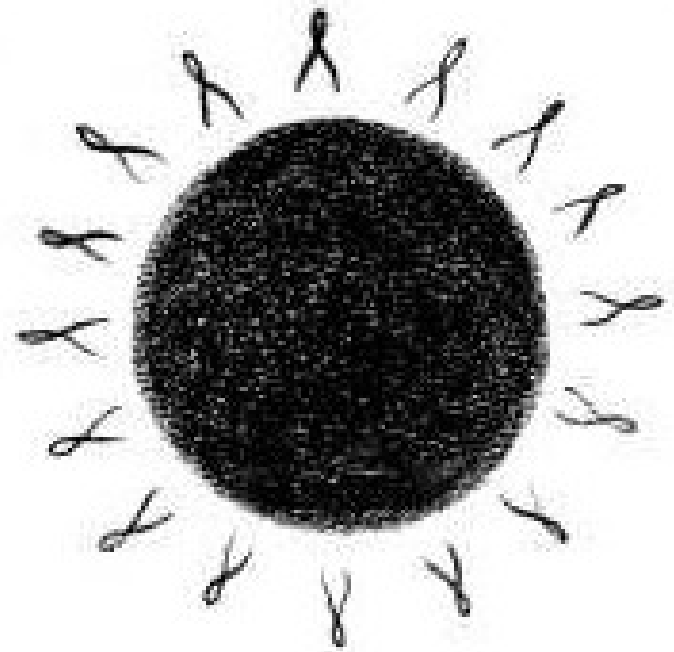
In Spain they called him “el sastre pequeno.”



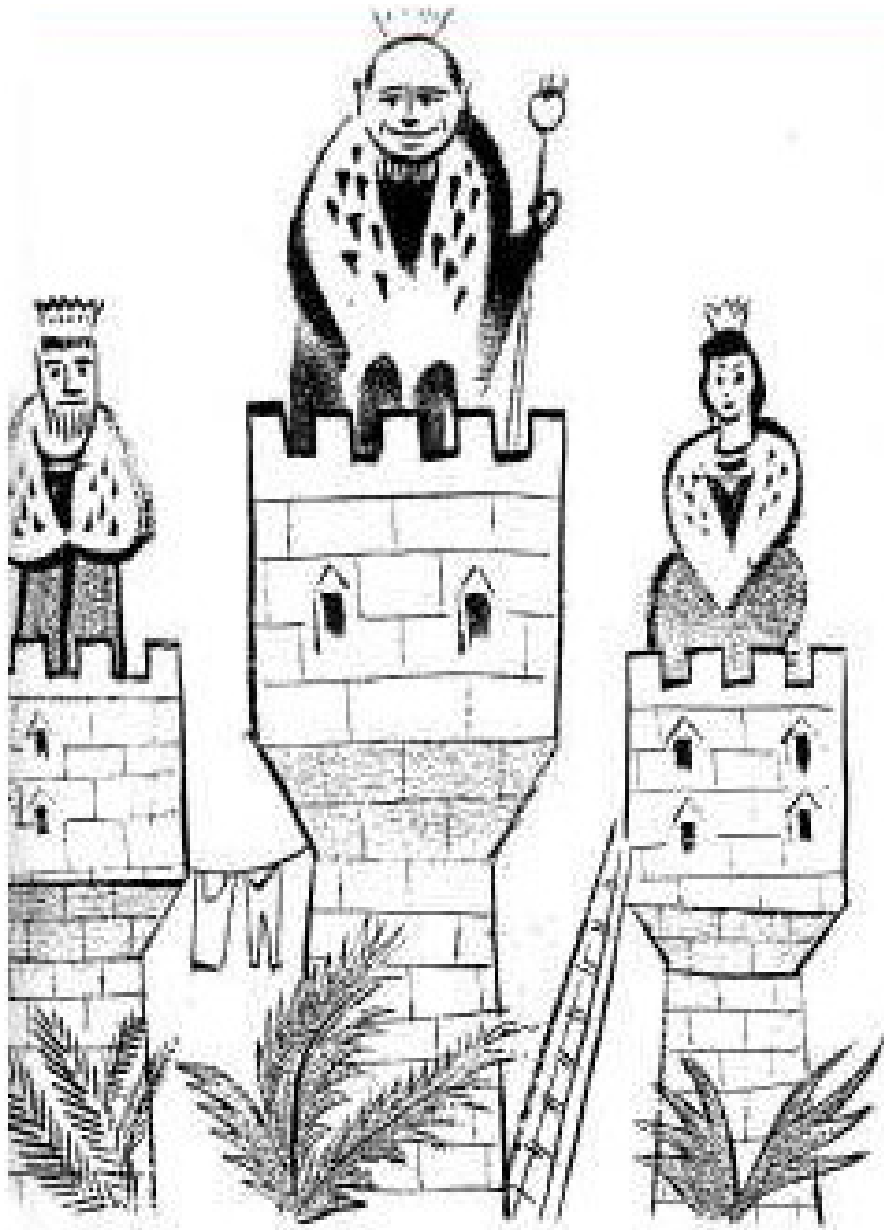
But back home, he was just the little tailor who knew nothing of his fame. He was busy hour after hour, sitting with his legs crossed on his table in his tiny shop.

One day the little tailor received a glowing letter from a friend who had moved to America. The letter argued him to pack up his belongings and come with his family to the wonderful new country where his friends had settled and were happy. Where the buildings were so tall that they reached up into the sky.

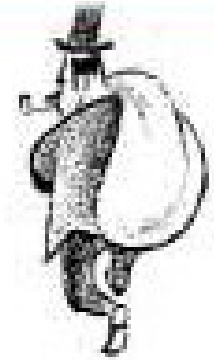




Where the sun shined brightest in a land of plenty. Where fruit grew in baskets, apples in barrels, potatoes in sacks, and there were plates full of bread, already buttered.

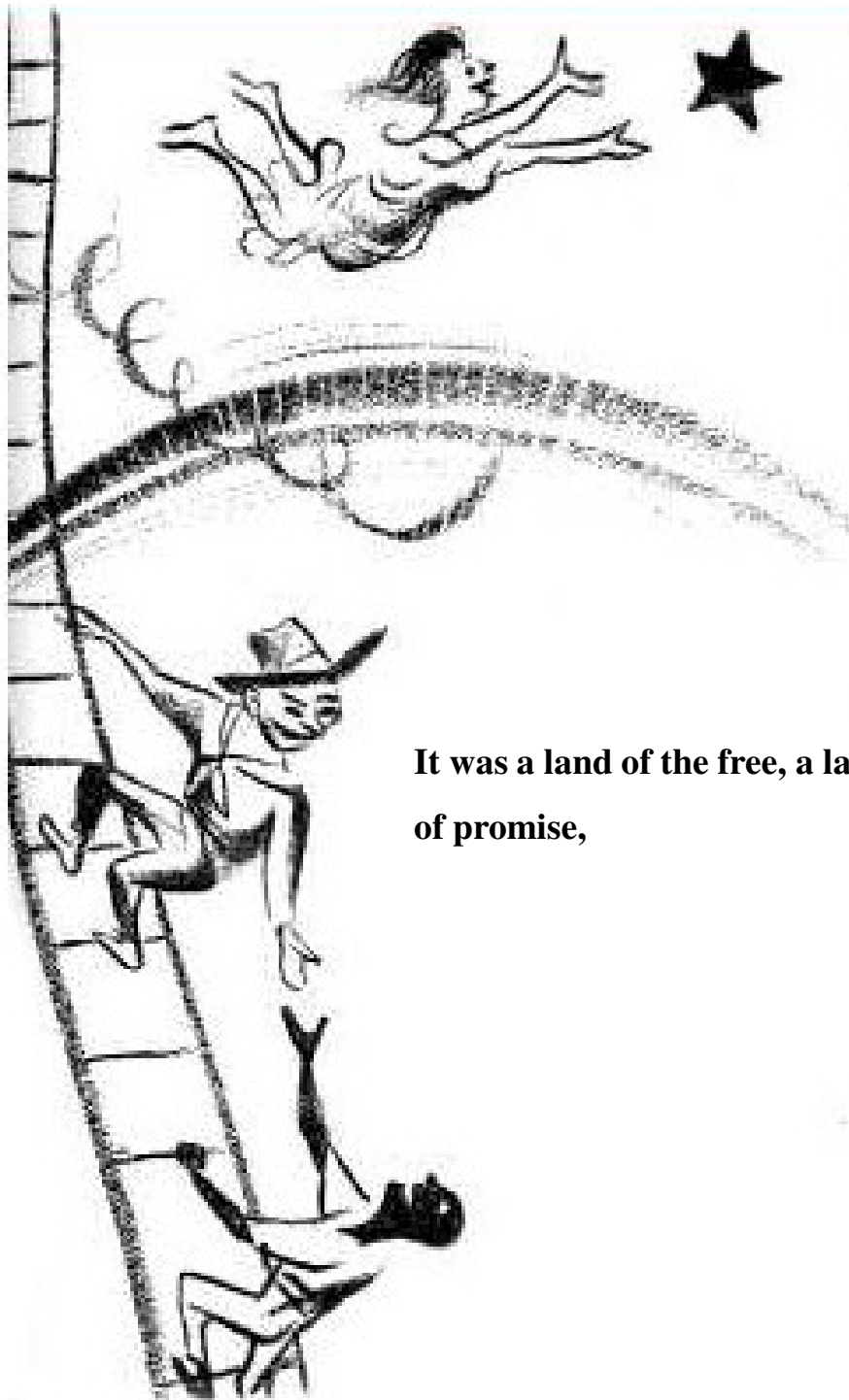


Where every man was a king in his own castle.



All the streets were paved with gold.





**It was a land of the free, a land
of promise,**

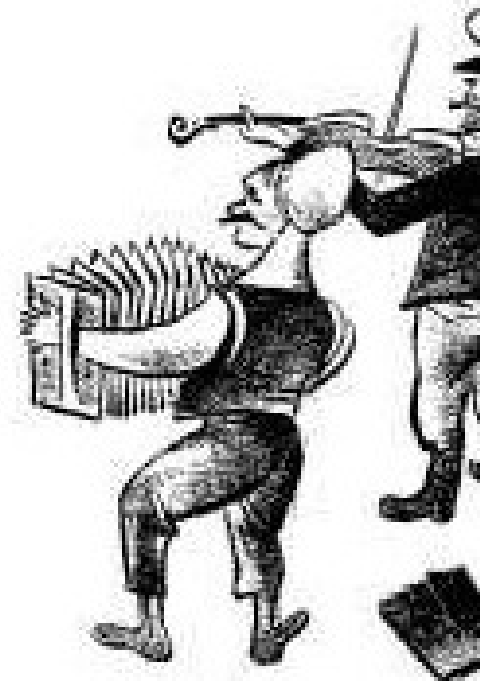


A land of equal opportunity.





The little tailor and his family were assured a home, and his friends would send steamship tickets for them to come to America. There was great jubilation. The little tailor and his family were leaving for America, the new land of hope, equality, and liberty! The town's musicians played folk music and the town's people danced. They rejoiced at the good fortune of the little tailor.





The next morning the little tailor and his family started on their journey.





As they traveled from village to village, the little tailor was surprised to find that the people everywhere seemed to know him.



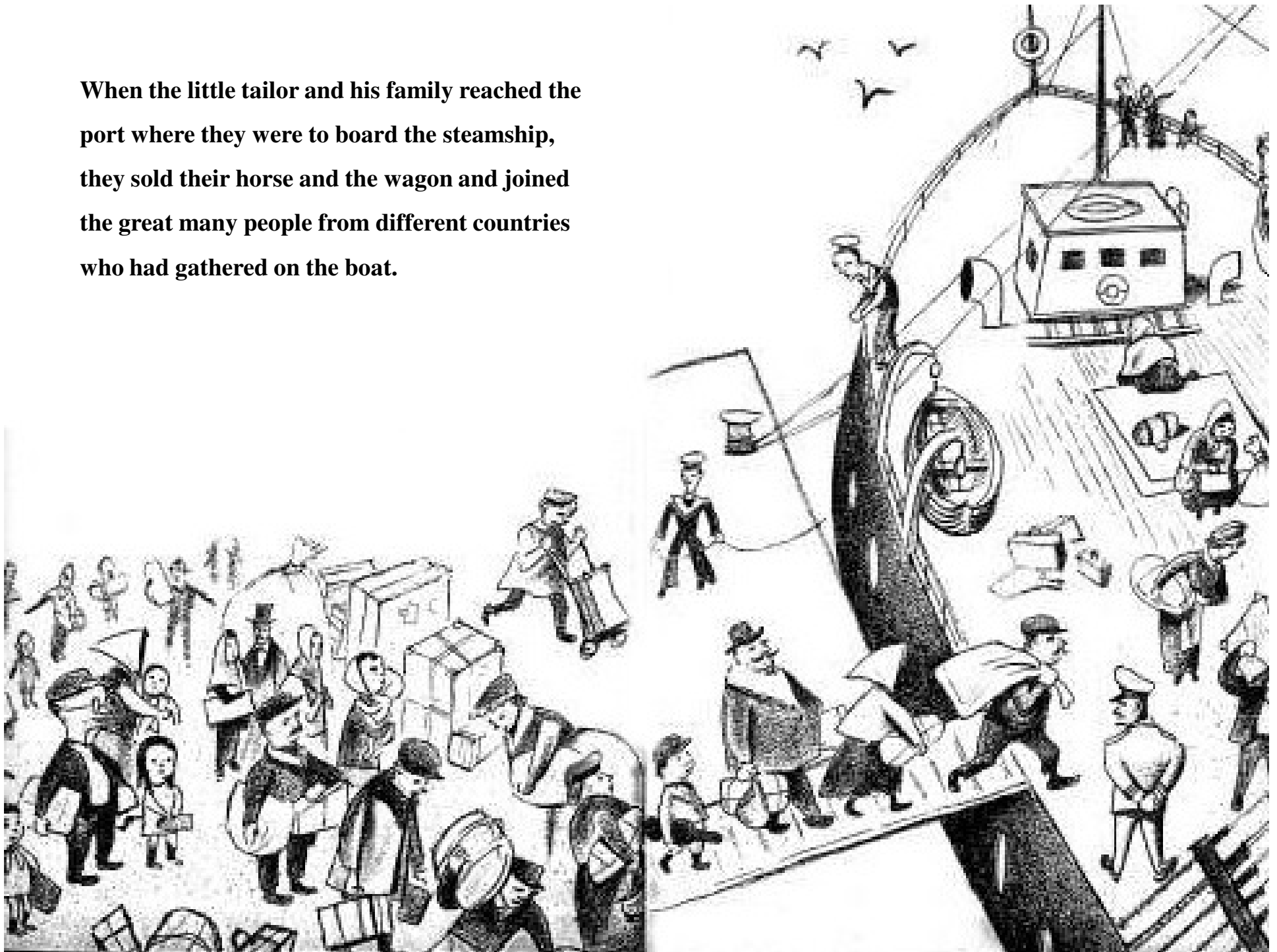
They had seen the beautiful clothes that he had made for the travelers who had passed through the same place before.

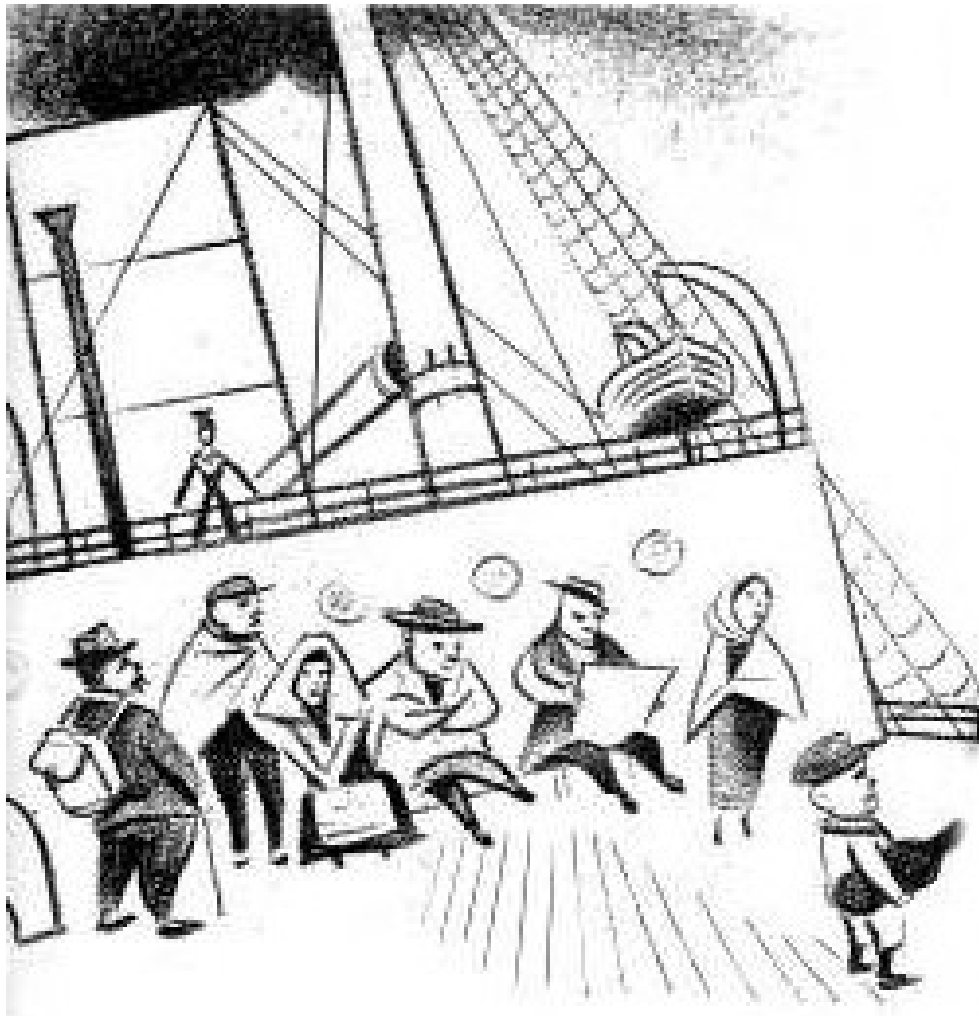
Now the little tailor and his family ...

... were on the same road to happiness.



When the little tailor and his family reached the port where they were to board the steamship, they sold their horse and the wagon and joined the great many people from different countries who had gathered on the boat.





Tall men, thin men, short men, stout men, women, children, all together in one big boat, going to help build a free world in a new country.

The passengers were carpenters, bricklayers, merchants, waiters, shoemakers, dancers, butchers, singers, farmers, bakers, students, hat makers, inventors, tailors.



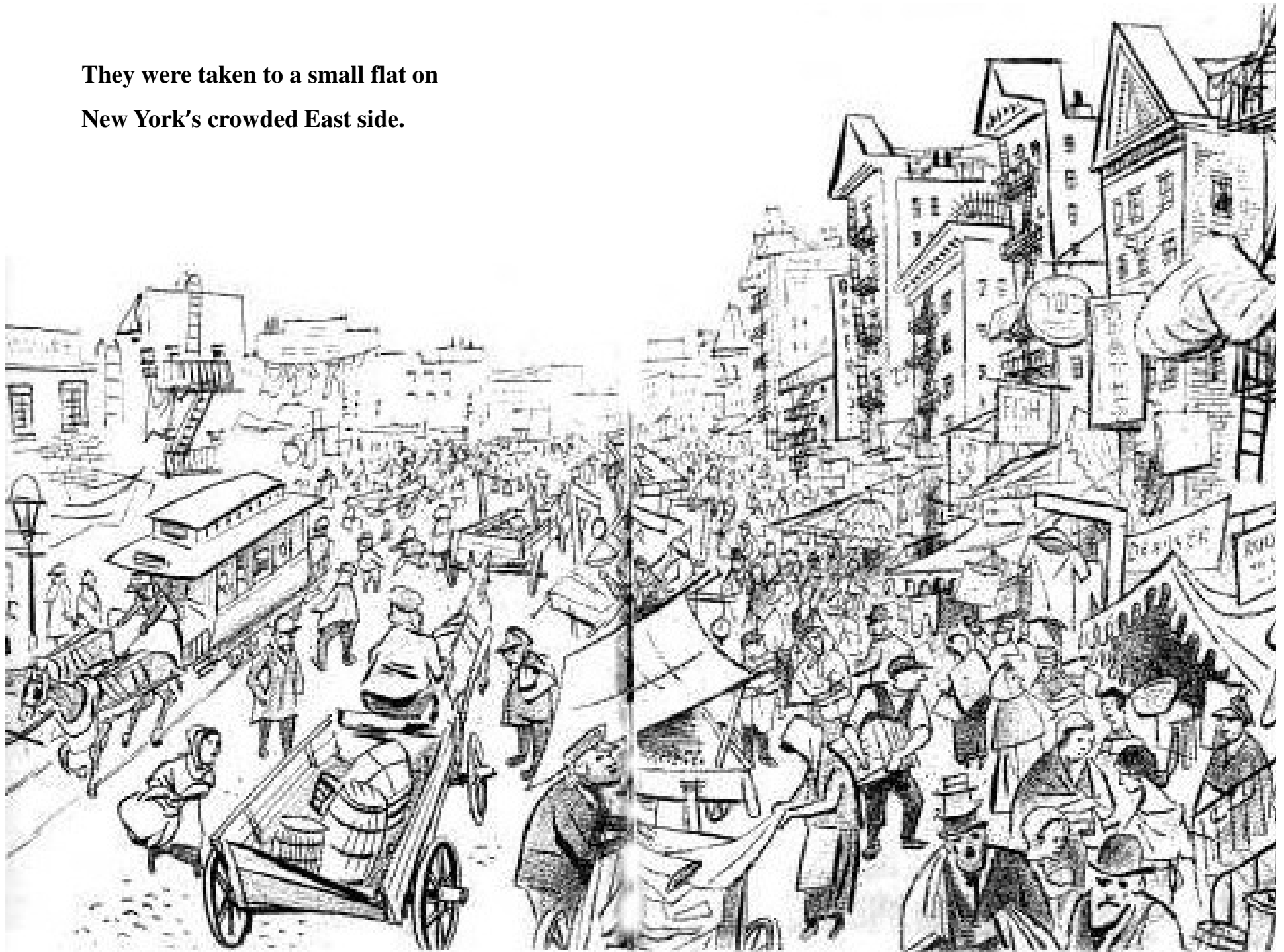
The newly arrived settlers were welcomed by relatives and friends at New York's Battery Park which was once called Castle Garden.



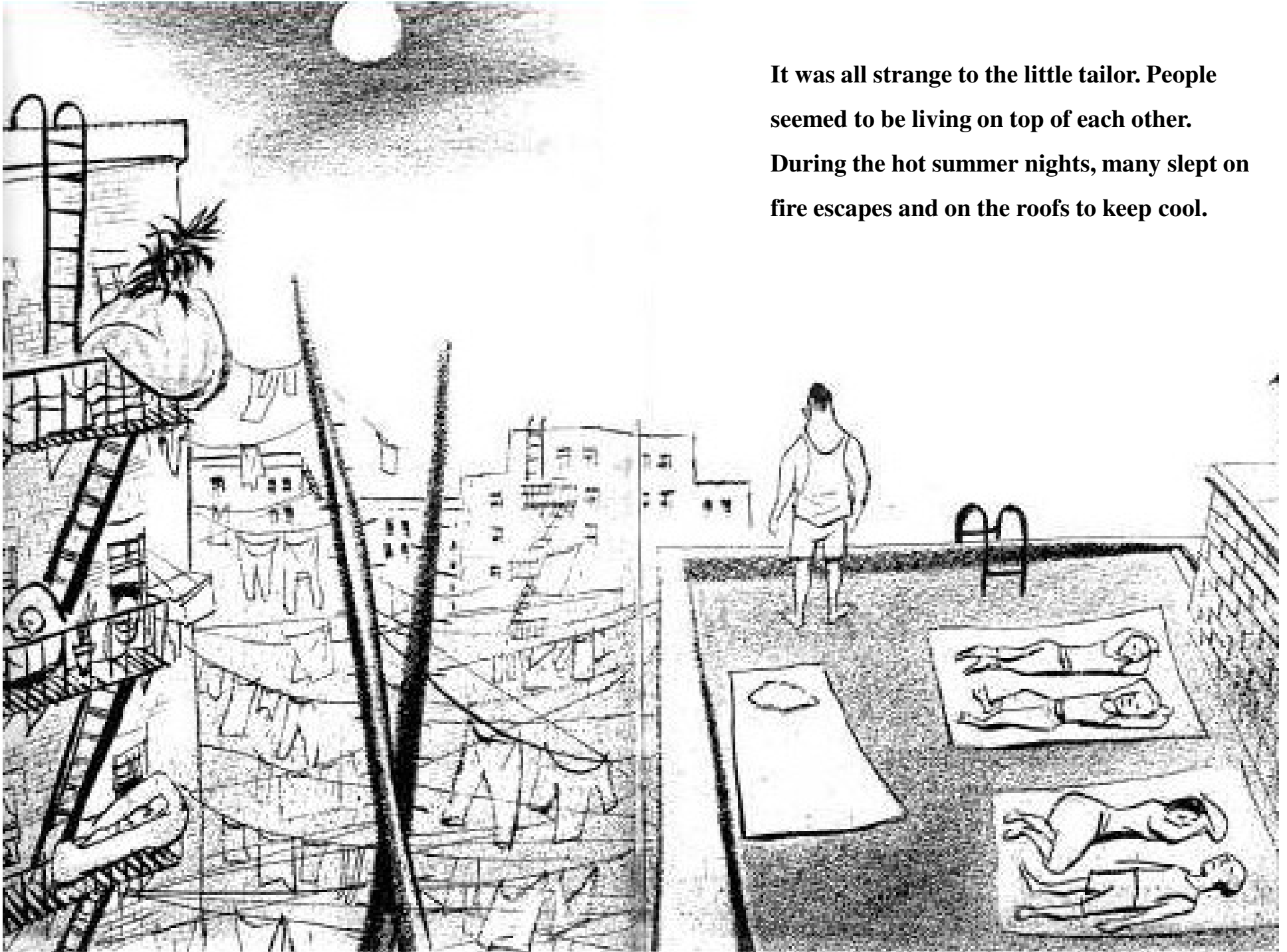
The little tailor and his family were overjoyed to see all their old friends.



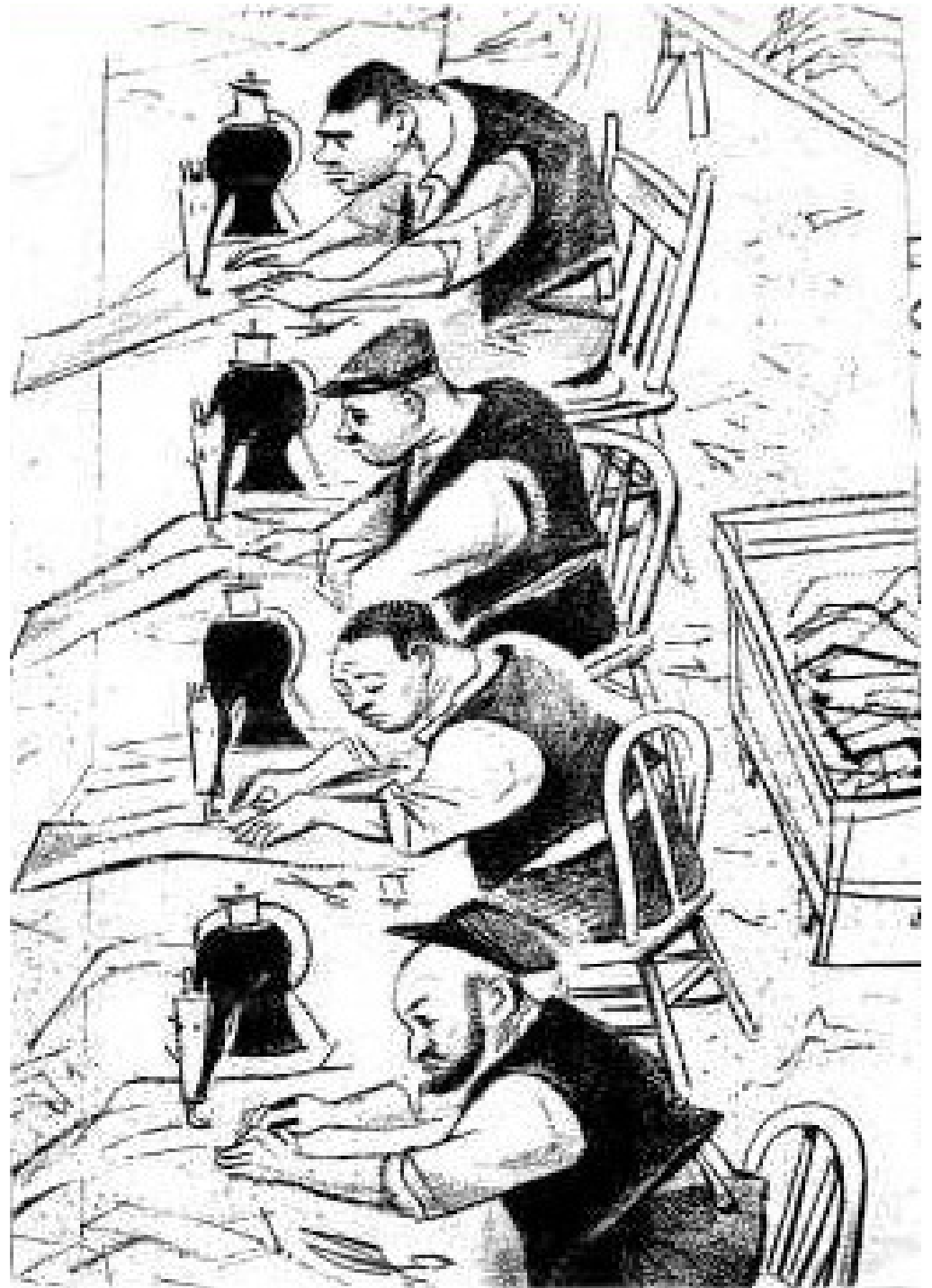
**They were taken to a small flat on
New York's crowded East side.**



It was all strange to the little tailor. People seemed to be living on top of each other. During the hot summer nights, many slept on fire escapes and on the roofs to keep cool.



No sooner had the little tailor and his family been settled, than he was taken by a friend to a shop where many tailors were making men's clothes. He was seated at a machine and was told to make only sleeves. The machines were lined up like little horses, racing to make hundreds of sleeves without arms or coats to fit them.





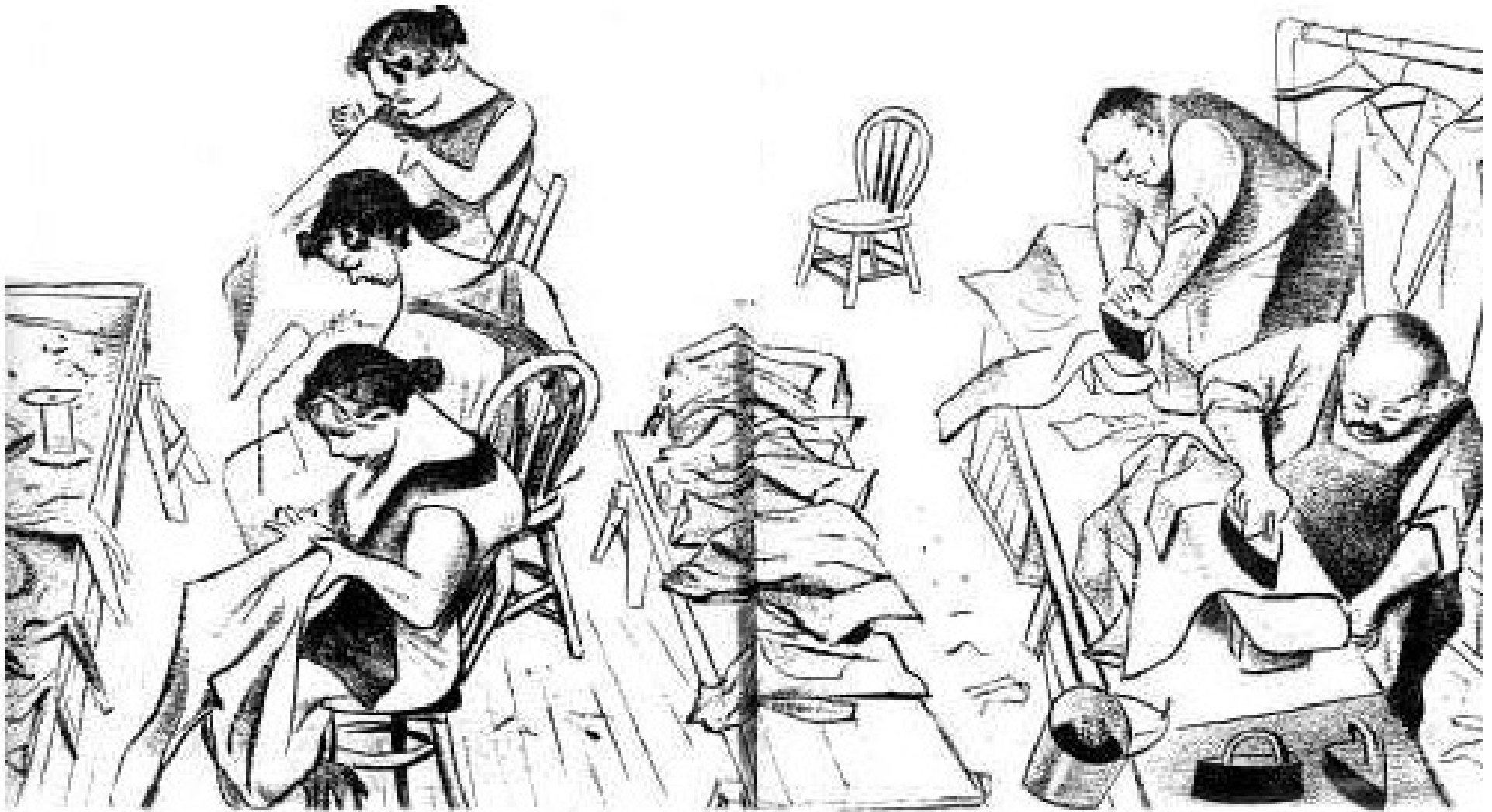
Then the piles of sleeves were counted and ...

**...carried to another group of tailors who sewed
the sleeves to jackets.**

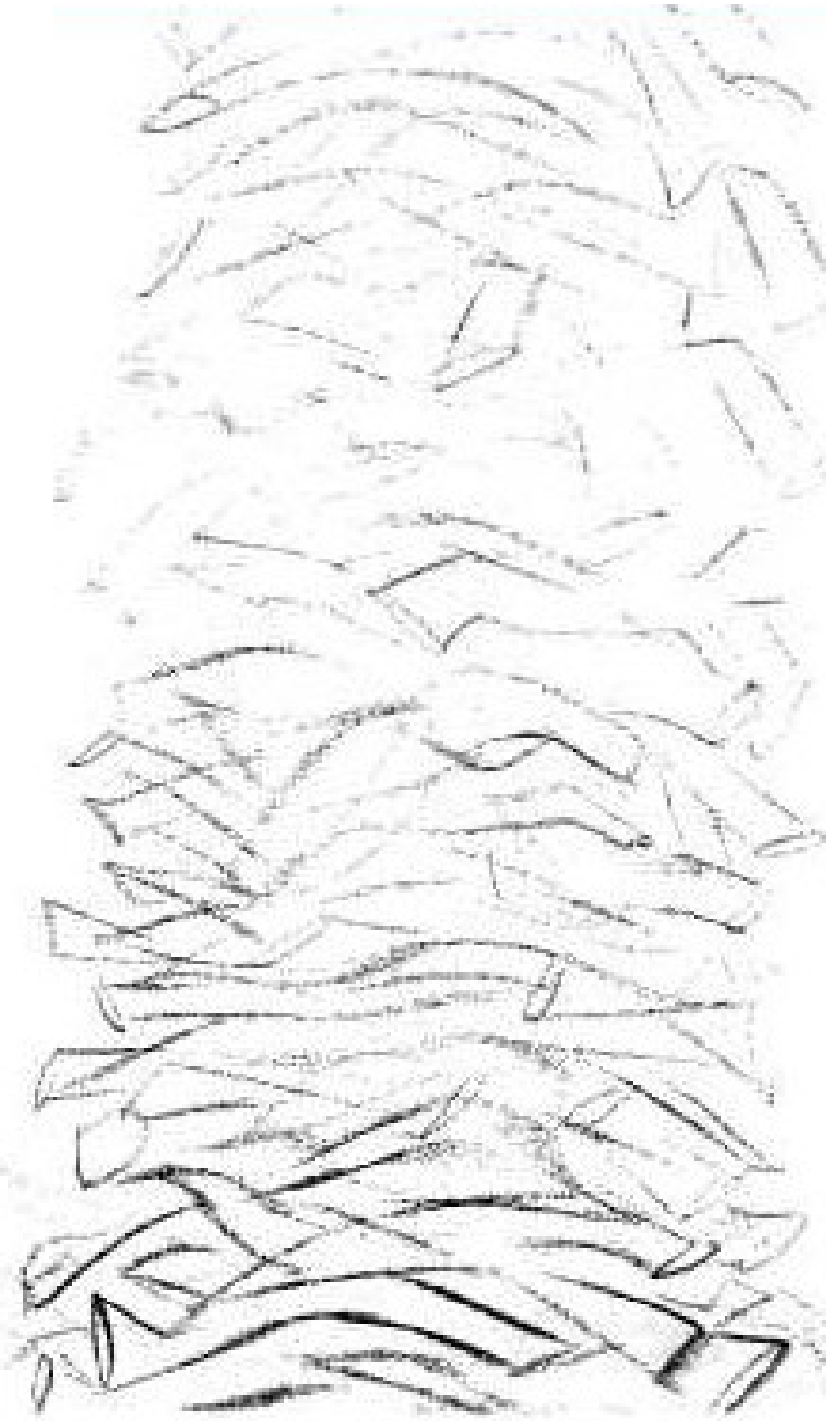


A line of women then finished the garments by sewing on buttons and making button-holes.

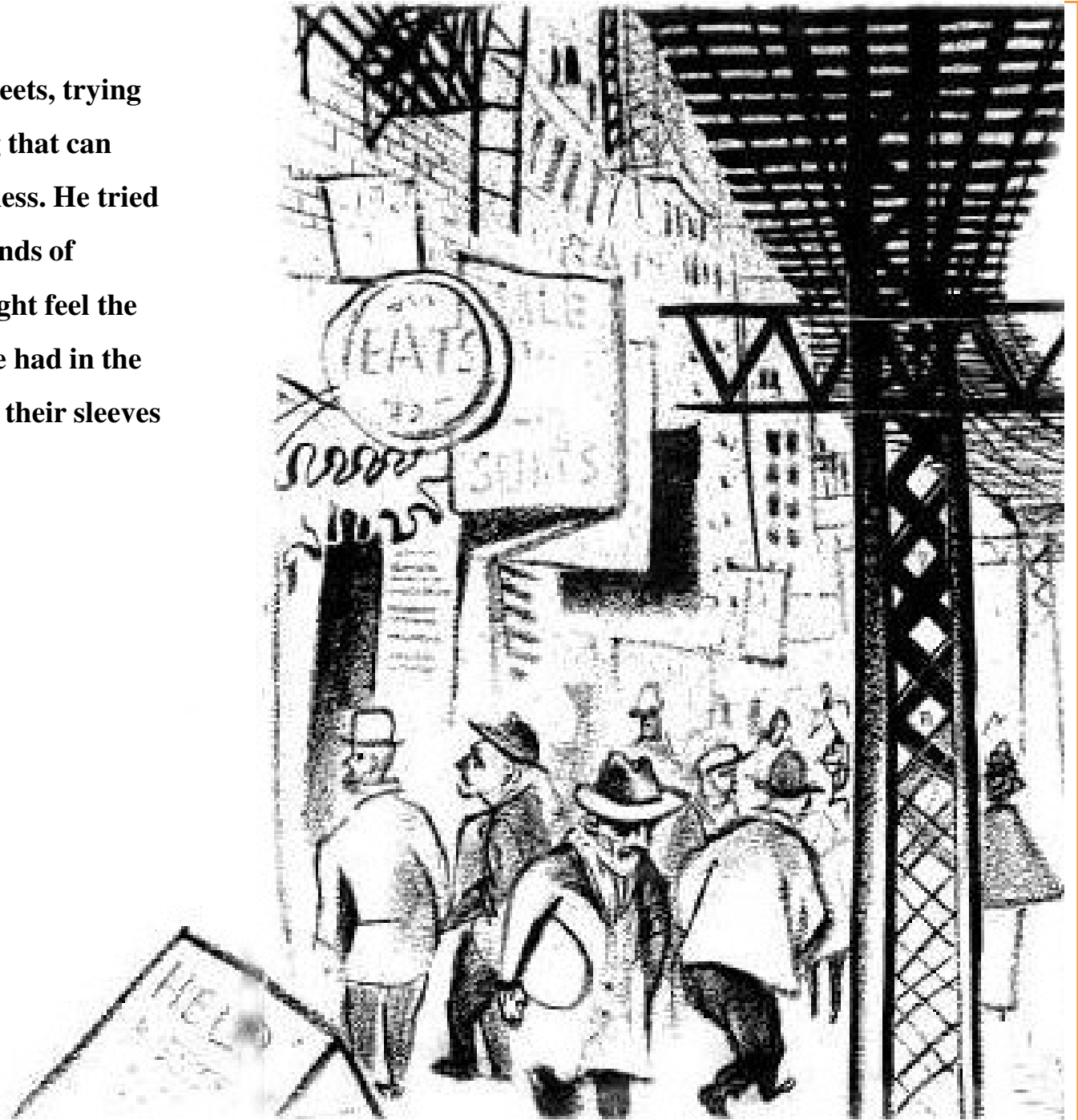
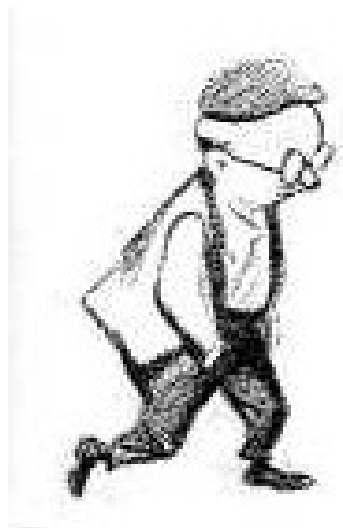
The clothes were pressed and then delivered to stores where they were sold as ready-to-wear clothes.



After months of hard work, the little tailor had made all the sleeves that were needed. The shops then closed for the season. All the tailors were idle and would have to wait until they were called back to work again for the next season's styles.



The little tailor walked the streets, trying to find work. There is nothing that can make a worker so sad as idleness. He tried to recognize one of the thousands of sleeves he had made, so he might feel the same pride in his work that he had in the old country, but the coats and their sleeves were strangers to him.



The little tailor went to his friend who had written the glowing letters. He asked him, “Where is the dreamland of plenty and opportunity, this land of promise you wrote me about?” His friend assured him, “It is here, all around you. All the people with ability and desire to work can have their dreams come true. If you will take a walk around the neighborhood with me, I will show you what I mean.”



He took the little tailor over to a pushcart peddler and asked, "What are your ambitions?"

The pushcart peddler told them, "First, I plan to open a little store. Then, when business gets better, I hope to get a bigger store in a better section of the city."

In time, when I am rich enough, I will open a large department store."

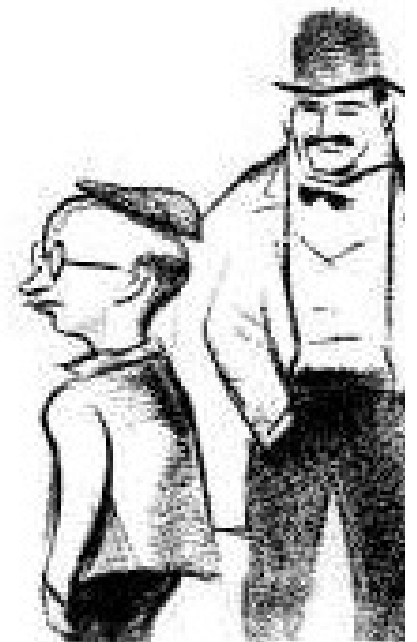




Next the little tailor's friend called a newsboy who was selling papers. He asked the newsboy, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" "When I grow up," said the newsboy, "I'm going to be a reporter and write stories for newspapers. The editor has promised me a job as a copy boy when I get out of public school. Maybe someday I'll have my own newspaper."



"See that singing waiter, he writes his own music. Someday he may become America's leading composer ... And that little man who wants to improve our city may someday be elected mayor Ask any of these people, they all have ambitions."



Liberty loving people from all sections of the world, people with high hopes of the future, have come here to fulfill their dreams. This is a country where everyone is free to say what he thinks, free to agree or disagree, free to create and build where there are free elections equal opportunity and fair play for every race, creed or color. These are the qualities that will make us a great nation."



The little tailor went home, thinking about all he had seen and heard. On the first floor of the building where he lived he was greeted by a neighbor with two free tickets for a concert her little boy was going to perform uptown.

She asked the little tailor if he would make a new dress and a new suit for the boy.



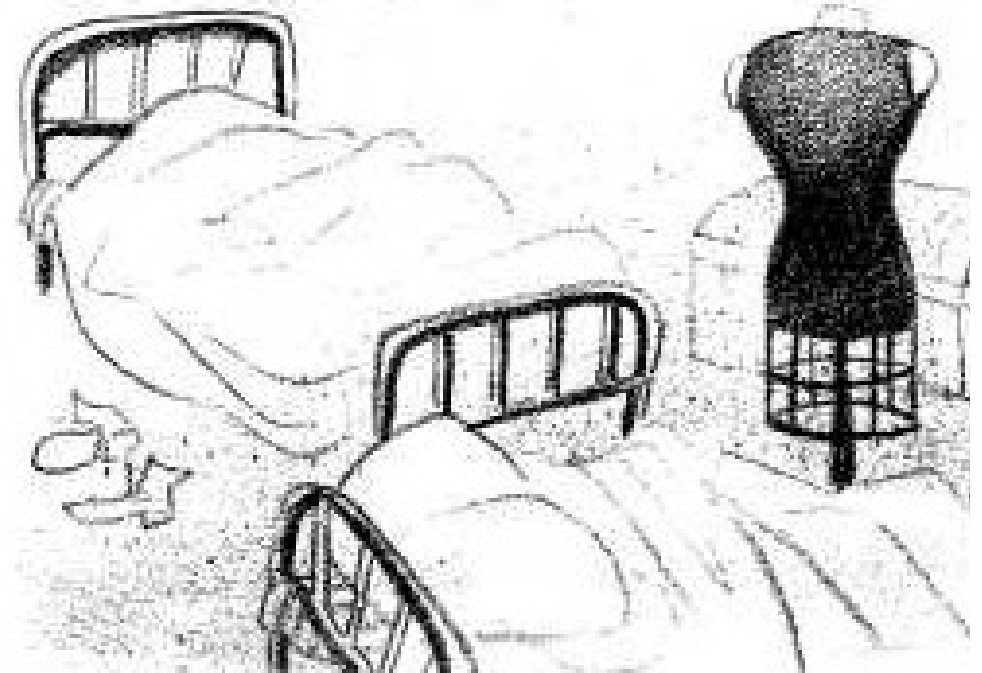


When he reached his flat, the happy little tailor had news for his wife. He told her that they were invited to a violin concert and that he was going to sew a new dress for her ...

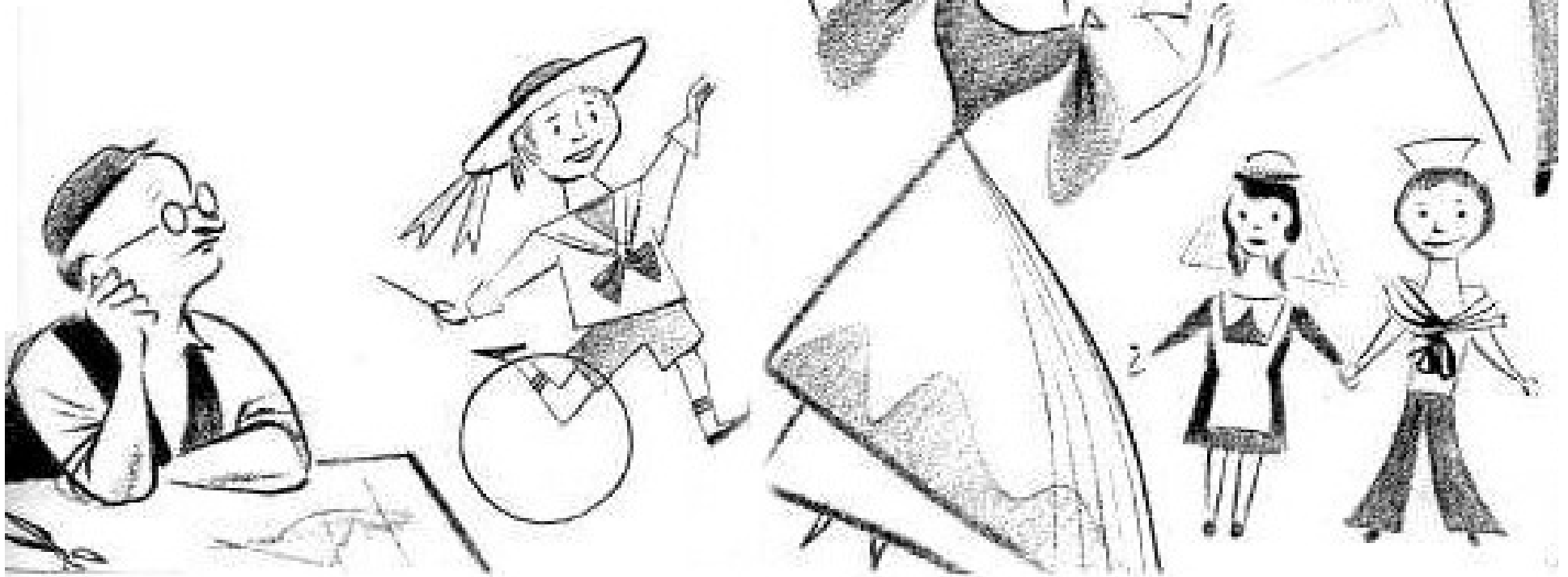
... that he also had an order to make a dress for the woman on the first floor and a suit for her boy – and that he had discovered America!



He was going to create new designs for clothes starting right here in this small room. Some day he would have a fine salon of his own of Fifth Avenue. His would be the garments of people with a future – the people of America.



**Clothes for boys, girls, men and women, sailor,
nurses, cowboys, fire-chiefs, opera singers,
ballet dancers – they would be so beautiful...**





... that people from all walks of life, and from every...

...section of the city, would all find their way





...to the little tailor.

William Victor "Bill" Gropper

(December 3, 1897 – January 3, 1977), was a [U.S. cartoonist](#), [painter](#), [lithographer](#), and [muralist](#).

A committed [radical](#), Gropper is best known for the political work which he contributed to such [left wing](#) publications as [The Revolutionary Age](#), [The Liberator](#), [The New Masses](#), [The Worker](#), and [The Morning Freiheit](#).

William "Bill" Gropper was born to Harry and Jenny Gropper in [New York City](#), the eldest of 6 children. His parents were [Jewish](#) immigrants from [Romania](#) and [Ukraine](#), who were both employed in the city's garment industry, living in poverty on New York's [Lower East Side](#).¹His mother worked hard sewing piecework at home. Harry Gropper, Bill's father, was university-educated and fluent in 8 languages, but was unable to find employment in America in a field for which he was suited. This failure of [the American economic system](#) to make proper use of his father's talents doubtlessly contributed to William Gropper's lifelong antipathy to capitalism.